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For the Myrtle.

A True Story of the Man who did not Think.

'Twas in the spring, and farmer John
Felt very bright and gay;
For all his planting he had done,
And showers fell every day.

The apple trees were all in bloom,
The birds sang loud and clear,
And man and beast rejoicing saw
A prospect of good cheer.

Said farmer John unto his wife,
"This tree I now will trim;"
And then directly climbed aloft
Upon the worthless limb.

The farmer was an honest man
As ever yet was seen,
But thoughts to him, like angel's calls
Were "few and far between."

And as he stood upon the limb
And sawed with all his might,
No thought of danger came to him
To mar his heart's delight.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" he cried aloud,
Ae crashing down came he,
"I was not thinking when I sawed
Between me and the tree.

My arm is broken, wifey dear,
Send for the doctor, do;
I'll have to hire a man, I fear,
To put my farming through."

And so for many weary days,
He lay upon his bed,
While the weeds grew among his crops
And birds sang overhead.

A. S. T.

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can love or serve, but all may please,—
Oh, let the gentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence!
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

For the Myrtle.

Work and Play.

"Come, Rob," said Willie Harris to his brother Robert, "let's have a game of ball! What's the use of working at that old wood pile any longer?"

"The use is, father told us to work here; and here I'm going to work!" replied Robert resolutely.

"Father would never know it if we did stop and play ball awhile," said Willie, who was several years younger than than Robert, and found it hard work to apply himself to the business before him when he would like so much to have a little play.

"If father did not know it, I *should*, and I don't want to do anything to make me ashamed to look him or any other person in the face!" replied Robert manfully.

"Well, if you won't play with me, there's no fun in my trying it alone, I s'pose," said Willie in a disappointed tone. "I'm dreadful tired of lugging in this wood, and I should think you'd be tired of cutting it, too."

"You haven't worked long enough this morning, Willie, to be very tired," said Robert; "I don't think it is more than half past nine now, "but I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's do just all the work we can this forenoon and at dinner time ask father to let us go and see Fred Williams. We'll take Rover with us and my ball I had at Christmas, and won't we have a grand time?"

"Do you think father will let us go?" enquired Willie.

"I guess so," said Robert; "it won't do any harm to ask him, any way."

"I'll go for it," said Willie, springing to his work with new courage; "I mean to have this whole pile in by noon."

Both boys worked very steadily and their minds were so fully occupied with their work, that they didn't notice how late it was getting and were quite surprised to see their father coming.

"It isn't noon, is it?" asked Willie.

"Yes," said his father, "high noon."

"I've been working so fast I haven't thought of dinner," said Willie.

"It is time to think of it now," said his mother, from the doorway, "it is ready and waiting."

When they were seated at the table, Robert said,

"Father, can Willie and I go and play ball with Fred Williams this afternoon?"

"Yes, you may go," answered his father kindly; "you have worked like little men to-day and have fairly earned a good time; work is a good thing and play is a good thing, but it is always best to have the work first and the play afterwards."

"I know why!" said Willie, remembering the morning's experience.

"When a boy has play to look forward to, he can work a great deal faster, and when he plays he needn't think of work at all, if *his* is done."

"That's so!" said Robert with a glance at Willie that caused his face to burn as it made him think how nearly he had come to yielding to temptation.

Robert and Willie found their friend Fred at home, and just as ready for a good time as they were.

"Have you brought Rover?" was his first query, on learning they had come to play ball.

Robert gave a whistle for reply and Rover came bounding into sight.

"I'm glad he's here," said Fred; "he can catch a ball better than any boy I know of."

The boys went to a large field and began their sport by trying to see how far they could bat the ball. Rover stood by intently watching them and the instant he saw in what direction the ball was going, he was after it; and by the time it struck the ground he was there, ready to take it in his mouth and carry it back again. He would spring nearly as high as a man's head into the air to "catch it on the fly." No boy ever seemed to enjoy a game of ball better than Rover did.

The sun was sinking behind the trees when Robert said, "One more bat and we must go!" Giving the ball a fair blow he dropped the bat and sprang to give Fred "last tag!"

Fred tried to avoid him and hit Willie at the same time, and in the frolic that ensued Rover and the ball were forgotten. When they turned to look for them neither could be found; it was nothing strange that Rover was gone, but the ball, where could it be? All efforts to find it were in vain, and feeling a little sobered by their loss the boys hurried home. They found Rover comfortably stretched before the open fire; when they entered the room he turned his eyes toward them without lifting his head, and with his tail drummed upon the floor a little welcome to them.

A sudden thought struck Robert.

"Willie," said he, "you know we read of a dog that found a lost child after smelling of the stocking it had worn. I'm going to see if Rove will find our ball."

Robert still had his bat in his hand and calling Rover to the door he let him smell of it, then said, "Go find it, Rover, go find it!"

Rover looked at his young master a moment as if to assure himself he fully understood his meaning, then trotted off in the direction of Mr. Williams' house. The boys followed him and saw him go to a hole in a brick wall and begin to dig out with his fore paws the rustling leaves gathered there; in a short time he came proudly up to them and laid the lost ball at their feet. He had brought it the distance of half a mile and hid it himself and was sagacious enough to find it again.

Robert and Willie have always considered Rover a remarkably knowing dog, but after that they were more than ever convinced of it.

H. H. D.

WHO is your friend? Not the one who would lead you astray, tempt you to do wrong, or give bad advice; such a person is your enemy. But the person who tells you to do right, to walk in truth, to be faithful in good works; the person who urges you to pray, to study God's word, to be always at church, to look forward to full membership with his people, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Such a person is your true friend. Listen to him.

Led, not Driven.

A MOTHER, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers."

How many believers in good standing, thought the mother to herself, often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal even from themselves the feeling.

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlor door; the tone and the look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going out to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid her work down in the next chair and the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair backwards and forwards.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you," said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now?—how it goes beating!"

"Y-e-s," said the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes, and I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know, mother," said the child, with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me; I hope He will take care of me and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask Him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap and uttered in his own simple broken language a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.

Sword and Plough.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFANG MULLER.

THERE once was a Count, so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near;
And he called his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plough, he called for his sword,
That gallant good and brave;
They brought him both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessings gave:

"My first-born son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain;
My cattle on the lordly height
And all my broad domain.

On thee, my well-loved younger boy,
My plough I here bestow,
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
E'en on their dying day.

"Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight!
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight?"

Oh ask not of me what the end may be!
Ask of the country round!
The cattle are dust, the sword is rust,
The height is desert ground;

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honor abides with the plough!

For the Myrtle.

Little Lizzie.

Don't cry any more, my dear Lizzie
Don't worry your mother and tease
Come sit on my lap, little darling,
And listen to me, if you please.

You look very tired and sleepy,
See! the sun has gone down in the West;
The flowers their petals are closing,
And your bright birds have gone to their rest.

The bees have all left the sweet flowers,
And wished these kind friends a good night;
With a promise to call on the morrow,
To breakfast on honey drops bright.

Just hear robin red-breast! he's singing
To his mate on the old apple-tree;
While on her nice eggs she is sitting,
He warbles a song full of glee.

See the stars, too! how brightly they're twinkling,
Shining forth on this calm summer sky;
They flash and they sparkle like diamonds,
Those lights that are hanging on high.

Your eyes are fast closing, dear Lizzie—
And soon you'll be resting in sleep;
Then we'll ask our kind Father in heaven
A watch o'er your slumbers to keep.

For the Myrtle.

Little Witches.

FOUR little witches live at our house. Their names are Annie, Nora, Mary and little Johnnie.

They all know their letters, but only two are able to read in this paper, (witches *do* read this paper sometimes, as well as sober girls and boys), and only one reads in books like larger people; and she sits at this moment with her nose between the leaves of "Little Men."

What do our witches do? they work a little and study a little, but they play a great deal, from morning till night.

They have a big drawer full of playthings, blocks and balls, picture-books, tea-setts, carts and horses, and things "too numerous to mention." They have dolls, of china and rubber, negro dolls and even "monkey dolls," and paper dolls in families. These witches are skilled with scissors, and can turn out paper dolls as fast as you can find the paper for them.

And they make not only their own playthings, but their own plays. Open the sitting-room door unawares and you shall find a team of prancing steeds harnessed to a stately coach, the making of which has taken all the chairs in the room. You will find the witches seated in it with parasols spread, and probably on the highest seat of all baby Johnny perched, reins in hand, clucking and crying "g'lang" as if his life depended on getting at the end of his journey.

Or perhaps there will be a great hush. School is keeping. Schoolma'am Annie is perched on an ottoman, book and rod in hand, and her scholars are ranged around her. Little Johnnie is beguiled with a picture-book, and tries to do as the rest do, peeping out from behind his book and making fun when he sees the older scholars do so. Nora is called up to recite, but has no lesson, and proves such a very bad witch that she is generally chased off the scene with the rod hard after her, and the stern "Now will you behave", and "*now* will you behave" echoing through the house.

Ten to one you are not yourself dragged into school with an "oh, play you was my scholar," and set down in a corner, book in hand; and then the lessons that are given, and the precepts laid down, and the scoldings you have to take! *Why* is it that little witches always have such dreadfully-behaved schools, and make such scolding teachers? Is it a prophecy of what they are going to become, by and by?

And so it is "play this" and "play that" all day long. "Play you was our mother and we were all your children." "Play you was our little girl and you kept asking us for things." "Well,—mamma, may I go out to play?—mamma, may I go down town?—mamma, may I take your parasol?—No, my child, you can't do anything to-day. You're a naughty child and you tease all the time, and you must just stay in the

house and keep still." Oh, how these witches do love to play at authority!

One of their last plays is the organ-play. The hand-organ man came around the street with his dancing monkey and delighted their eyes and ears, and beguiled from them every penny they could find or tease away from their elders. Then there was a new sensation in their dramatic world. An old satchel slung around their necks, with an imaginary crank at one end, served as an organ, and one of the rubber dolls became at once a monkey,—when the play was not varied by tugging Johnny around on their backs and setting him up on the piano stool to perform as the monkey.

The hand-organ man was a subject of conversation for many days. Annie, who is beginning to learn big words and is rather fond of using them, said the hand-organ man went round and played for money, because he was so poor and lived in penury.

Nora, when she does not know the meaning of anything can always find a meaning of her own, and she is fond of telling news. So she cried out at table,

"Mamma, did you know the hand-organ man lives in penury. Annie says so."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, mamma, he lives in a pig's house!"

H. A. B.

The Moss Rose.

KRUMMACHER illustrates simplicity by the following beautiful fable:

"The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose bush. When he awoke, he said, 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it!'

'Adorn me then with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rose-bush in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there, in its modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind.

So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl equal to the 'ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.'"

The Children's Meeting.

We promised to give the children, this week, an account of the children's meeting held in Tremont Temple on Wednesday, May 29th. It seems that the full report of the meeting, on which we depended, will not be made up until next week. So to keep our word we shall make a report of our own.

And first, the weather smiled upon the occasion in the most amiable manner. "Uncle Probabilities," as people call the weather report, could not have shown a more beaming face if he had tried. Not rainy, nor hot, nor dusty, nor windy, but a lovely, cool, sunny day, that kept everybody comfortable and did no harm to best clothes.

We arrived at the Temple at two o'clock and found the ushers flying about to make ready for the children, while ladies from the different schools were hard at work on the flowers, making them into pyramids and baskets and filling vases, while a large cross made entirely of white flowers, the gift, we believe, of Cambridgeport, was already fastened on the front of the central stand. The voices of children attracted us, and following the sound we found in an ante-room an assembly of twenty-two little ones with their parents and friends rehearsing their "greeting." These were selected, a boy and girl from each school, and the little poem they recited was written for the occasion by Mrs. Fellows of the Cambridge School. All the little girls were dressed in white and ladies were busily making little bouquets to be worn by all, boys and girls, which were duly fastened on much to their delight after the rehearsing was done.

That passed off admirably; the little ones spoke slowly and in perfect time, so that every word was distinct; and parents and friends looked at each other and said "that will be splendid."

Meanwhile, the schools had all arrived and the galleries were filled with their friends so that when we entered the great temple looked like an immense flower-garden. Happy faces and bright colors were flashing everywhere, and if we had not known blue was the fashion, we should have seen it in the prevailing color that appeared through all the rows and rows of children. But we did not believe it indicated "the blues" at all; we preferred to think it meant "true blue."

The exercises begun with singing the Festival hymn, "Hosanna," with a chorus,

"Hosanna then our song shall be,
Hosanna to our king,
This is the children's jubilee
Let all the children sing."

Then all rose and repeated with the President the Lord's prayer. This repeated in perfect unison by hundreds and hundreds of voices was the most beautiful and impressive feature of the meeting.

Then the twenty-two children filed in to the front of the stage and standing in long line behind the vases of flowers, recited their greeting. We are afraid the audience did not know much what they were talking about, for somehow their clock-work recitation did not go quite so well on the platform. They were perhaps a little flurried and were too far apart, from end to end of the line, to hear one another well, so some got a little ahead of the rest

and the others hurried to catch up, and on the whole it was a little mixed. However, they made a pretty show and conducted themselves very nicely, and so everybody was gratified at their appearance; and those who did not understand what they said may read it here and now.

"Dear parents, friends, since last we met,
A year has passed away;
And now again we welcome you,
On this our festive day.

We trust we bring some sheaves of good,
We had not known before,
A year of study surely must
Have added to our store.

We steadily are marching on,
A little, loyal band,
Whate'er we meet, with steadfast hearts
Beneath our flag we'll stand.

Remembering ever this command
Which Christ our Saviour gives,
"Let little children come to me,
Of such my kingdom is."

And now, dear friends, we ask you all
To aid us with your might,
With heart and hand to join our band,
And battle for the right."

The following hymn, written for the occasion by that friend of the children, Dexter Smith, was then sung:

"We are a joyous, youthful band,
On pilgrimage to heaven's land,
Where angels chant eternal praise
To God the Ruler of our ways;
Where sin and sorrow are no more
Upon the peaceful, promised shore;
The peaceful shore,
The promised shore,
Upon the peaceful, promised shore!

We long to see the golden street,
Where all may rest their weary feet;
We list to hear the sweeter strain
That sings a requiem to pain;
We yearn to feel our Father's hand,
Who leads us to the promised land.
The peaceful land,
The promised land,
Who leads us to the promised land!

We know He heeds the sparrow's fall;
We know His arm surrounds us all;
On earth below — in heaven above,
We know He rules alone by love;
And by his care and mercy blest,
We journey on to endless rest,
His promised rest,
His endless rest,
We journey to His promised rest!"

After this hymn, the President of the Union made a short speech of welcome and congratulation, after which all united in singing the grand centenary hymn of Rev. J. G. Adams,

"Children of light! lift your voices on high!"

Then two special features were introduced, the first being a beautiful trio, "Chorus of Nightingales" sung by young ladies from the Charlestown school, the second a solo, semi-chorus and chorus, "The children's Te Deum," given by the Roxbury school. Both were admirably given. A slight mistake in the complex movement of the latter, occurring near the close, served to embarrass the singers for the moment, but did not prevent the audience from appreciating their rare singing.

Then came the addresses, three in number, from Revs. George H. Emerson, Sumner Ellis and H. A. Philbrook. It has taken so much space to tell about the other things that we shall leave the account of the many funny and good things they said to be told mainly in their own words in next week's MYRTLE. They were listened to with great interest, and between the speeches the children sang with great spirit. We hardly know which was best, the "Joy, joy to-day," with its joyful refrain of "Hallelujah, glory be to God," or the grand marching song which from the very beginning of the practice "sung itself"—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching to the war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward to the battle,
See His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c."

At the close of the speeches, an original hymn, also written by Mrs. Fellows, was sung to the tune of "The Morning Light is breaking."

"We thank thee, Heavenly Father!
For all thy love and care;
For parents, kind and tender,
Who with our weakness bear;
And for our kind instructors,
Who teach us of thy love,
And of our blessed Saviour,
Who dwells with thee above.

O bless us, Heavenly Father!
Thy precepts be the rule
To guide us in our labors
In every Sunday School.
Be with our Superintendents —
With every Teacher dear,
With all who in thy vineyard
Are lab'ring far and near.

When tossed upon rough billows,
Our life-bark thou wilt guide,
And Christ shall be our anchor;
Thus safely shall we ride.
Though storms may darkly gather,
And waves around us break,
We'll need no other safeguard;
Thou'lt hold us, for love's sake.

Thus, Father, wilt thou keep us
From every evil way;
In paths of peace, thou'lt lead us,
Nor let us from thee stray.
Above all sinful pleasures
Remove our every thought;
Bring us, through Christ, our Saviour,
To love thee as we ought."

And with a benediction the long meeting of two hours came to a close; too long for comfort we fear it was, for the last excellent speech was a little marred by the departure of those who found themselves obliged to leave before the close, but the meeting could ill have spared so good a talk as that, and we know not what of the singing could have been left out. We know little ones who voted they could afford to be tired for so good a meeting and we voted with them.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XC

PARABLE OF THE NOBLEMAN'S SERVANTS.

"The fearful and unbelieving."

SCRIPTURE,—Luke xix. 11–27.

Question. — What parable did Jesus speak to the people when on his way to Jerusalem?

Answer. — Luke xix. 12.

Q. — What did he do to his servants before he departed?

A. — Luke xix. 13.

Q. — What did the nobleman do upon his return?

A. — Luke xix. 15.

Q. — What account did the first servant give?

A. — Luke xix. 16.

Q. — What reward did this servant receive for his industry?

A. — Luke xix. 17.

Q. — What did the second servant report respecting what he had done?

A. — Luke xix. 18.

Q. — What reward did he receive?

A. — Luke xix. 19.

Q. — What did another servant report of what he had done?

A. — Luke xix. 20, 21.

NOTE. This servant feared to use his Lord's money, and he did not dare to keep it about his person, because he believed his Lord would have no mercy if he should lose it. He intended to be upon the safe side. But we learn that the only safe side is to serve the Lord with a pure heart, assured if we fail in our best endeavors God will take the intention for the deed.

Q. — If the servant had been wise, what would he have done?

A. — Luke xix. 23.

Q. — What was ordered to be done with the servant?

A. — Luke xix. 24.

Q. — What, in the kingdom of heaven, happens to those who have gained spiritual riches?

A. — Luke xix. 26.

Q. — What happens to those who have neglected to gain spiritual wealth?

A. — Luke xix. 26.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

My first is in Joseph whom his brethren sold.
My second is in Ophir, the land noted for gold.
My third is in Shechem, a man who was slain.
My fourth is in Jesus, who walked on the main.
My fifth is in Hannah, who was true and good.
My sixth is in Bethlehem, which in Palestine stood.
My seventh is in Cain, who did a great wrong.
My eighth is in Methuseleh, who lived very long.
My ninth is in Paul, who taught gospel truth.
My tenth is in Boaz, the husband of Ruth.
My eleventh is in Judas, who betrayed his Lord.
My whole was a preacher who preached the true word.

B. E. Doan.

Enigma No. 2.

I am mighty and I am good,
Though often stained with martyr's blood.

I free the slave, and cure the blind,
And ne'er by fetters was confined.

Beheaded once, I played a part,
To win from Boaz hand and heart.

And was a mother in the line,
That gave to us your Lord and mine.

—Little Sower.

Answers.

JUNE 1. No. 1, Stand fast in the Lord.

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